

# THE WABASH EXPRESS.

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## The Wabash Express.

R. M. HUDSON, Editor.  
I. M. BROWN, Local Editor.

TERRE-HAUTE:

Saturday Morning, August 9, 1856.

### GOV. WRIGHT'S APPOINTMENT BILL.

We published some days ago the proclamation of Gov. Wright districting this State for Senatorial and Representative purposes. We propose now to take a review of all the circumstances connected with this matter, and endeavor to show to our readers the rottenness of the leaders of the party who have, for purely selfish motives, placed the State of Indiana in her present peculiar condition.

The law passed by the Legislature on the 13th day of February, 1851, apportioned the State for Senatorial and Representative purposes "for the ensuing five years." This act then, expired by its own limitation in five years from the date of its passage, and hence it became the imperative duty of the last Legislature to again give the State a proper apportionment.

The Lower House, having a Fusion majority, did pass a fair, just and equitable bill, and sent it to the Senate, the Senate substituted for it a bill of its own, and sent it back to the House; the House then refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate, and the Old Line Senate refused over afterwards to take any action in relation to the matter. The bill therefore remained on the files in the Senate chamber, until that body adjourned.

The democratic aspirants throughout the State, swarmed the lobbies, and with A. P. Willard and Joe Wright at their head, they determined, that rather than the state should have a fair apportionment, they would throw into anarchy and confusion and place our affairs in their present unfortunate condition. The Legislature adjourned without the Senate passing the apportionment bill, and the question is, have we any law, or is there power delegated to any executive officer, by which a legal legislation can be appointed.

The best statesmen and most distinguished lawyers in our State are of the opinion, that to have saved the State from its present dilemma, it was the duty of the Governor to have convened the Legislature last winter, in order that they might agree upon a districting of the State. The Governor, however, for fear if the same Fusion Legislature assembled again, his prospects for the United States Senate would be forever destroyed, refused peremptorily, to issue his proclamation for that purpose, and has now, by an assumption of power unparalleled in the history of these States, issued his mandate—by his own hand apportioned the State, and ordered the people to elect Senators and Representatives at the next October election. If Joe Wright was not in many respects the silliest Governor that this State has ever had, we might be more disposed to excuse this high handed official outrage, but as we suppose the extravagance of this act never suggested itself to him, he is more to be pitied, perhaps, than censured.

In this proclamation of his Excellency's, that strikes every citizen as more despicable and infamous than all the rest, is the unjust and demagogical manner in which he has divided the State.

An equal representation has been entirely overlooked, and in some counties with a population thrice that of others, he has given the same number of representatives, and always in favor of those counties where they elect the democratic ticket. To show more conclusively his partisan motives we will take the case of the county of Vigo. The apportionment law of 1851 says: "Vigo county shall elect two representatives in the years 1851 and 1854, and three at each of the other elections. It will be seen therefore that in 1856, Vigo county, under the only apportionment law upon our statute books, is entitled to elect three representatives in the House. But the Governor, in order that he might increase his prospects for the U. S. Senate, has seen proper to give Vigo county at this time, but two.

We, however, attach no importance whatever to this proclamation of Governor Wright's. It is an extraordinary official act, unsupported by the law, or by precedent. In our judgment he had no more right to district this State by virtue of a proclamation, than any other citizen. It is a species of tyrannical presumption, the exercise of which, has cost better men their heads than his Excellency, and should cost him, all that he is worthy of, a sound kick from all official position, forever after in this State.

We hope our County Clerk, in issuing his election notice, will disregard this usurpation of the Governor, and that he will give notice that the citizens of Vigo county will elect three Representatives. After the Legislature of 1854-5, had adjourned without apportioning the State, there was but one thing left for the Governor to do, and that was to call an extra session, and have this thing done. This he has from purely selfish and mercenary motives, failed and refused to do, and it is now for the people in their sovereign capacity, to meet together, and send a proper representation to the State Capitol.

### Mr. Griswold's Speech.

Mr. Griswold's speech before the People's Association, Tuesday evening, was an able and convincing effort. When such men quit the every day duties of life, and mount the rostrum, it should be proof conclusive that there is something in the times, that demands the attention of every citizen.

No man who is a patriot and a good citizen, when great questions, touching the very stability of our institutions are under discussion, can remain inactive. The times demand the effort of men. The questions at issue demand investigation, and we are glad to see that such men as Mr. Griswold feel the necessity of speaking out in behalf of free territory and free speech.

For the special edification of our Democratic friends north, who have not yet discovered that the whole tenor and effect of the Cincinnati Platform, is to "extra-slowly" into regions where it is unknown, we will give them the following from the Richmond (Va.) Examiner, a pro-slavery Democratic paper.

### THE TRUE ISSUE.

The Democrats of the South in the present canvass cannot rely on the old grounds of defence and excuse for slavery; for they seek not merely to retain it where it is, but to extend it into regions where it is unknown. Much less can they rely on the mere constitutional guarantee of slavery, for such reliance is pregnant with the admission that slavery is wrong, and but for the constitution it should be abolished. This constitutional argument for slavery, standing alone, fully justifies the abolitionists. They are clearly right if slavery be morally wrong, for to get benefit under the constitution, or by amending the constitution, is confessedly impracticable.

In truth, the constitution cannot help slavery, for it is a violation of the laws of God and morality. In that case the constitution should be changed, or the free States should secede, rather than continue to guarantee what they consider immoral and profane. The constitution cannot help slavery for another reason. That institution extending through fifteen States, and interfused with the interests, the feelings, and the very existence of many millions of men, is much stronger than the constitution. It would be far easier to change or violate the constitution, than to abolish slavery. Besides slavery is older than the constitution—created before it, and independently of it. We derive no right to our slaves from it, and weaken our cause by seeming to rely on it.

Nor will it avail us to show that the constitution is a violation of the laws of God and morality. If we stop there, we weaken our cause by the very argument intended to advance it; for we propose to introduce into new territory human beings whom we assert to be free, and we cannot without repudiation of conscience and the blush of shame, seek to extend it, or assert our equality of those States having no such institution.

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We love to see acts of disinterestedness—the unfeeling, cold, calculating man, who can do nothing without his reward we despise. Many act on the principle that unless 'it is so nominated in the band' they can do no good deed. The Christian may bleed to death in the presence of Shylock, and he offer no aid because he was not "obliged" so to do. As we turn leaf after leaf of that great volume of human suffering which the past has been writing, we find them sparkling and brightening with deeds coming from a pure heart, free of selfish motives. "Pro bono publico" has cheered many of the suffering great—the scaffold, the guillotine, the dungeon, bear testimony to the virtue and stern integrity of the sons of men.

"The few, the immortal names That were not born to die," are those who sacrifice their lives, their fortunes, for "God and their native land."

But we are not compelled that we may find instances of labor and attachment springing from disinterested motives, to wander away back in the dismal vaults of the past. Happy land! this; for even here we see age living proofs that men are not only willing but seeking opportunities for displaying their disinterested attachment to our common country; and not that only, but to their party.

We have been brought to these reflections by considering the conduct of the masters of the old line party in our midst. As their lives and virtues have been exclusively for the public, there can be no breach of good manners in our mentioning them publicly.

We will then "speak right out in meeting." As the Journal is the mouth piece of these disinterested patriots, we will begin there. But we must first enter our protest against the silence that influential daily keeps on the disinterested motives of its editors and backers. Why don't you speak out? This assumed modesty is unnecessary—it is degenerating into prudishness. Modesty is very becoming in "sweet sixteen," but is an appendage wholly unbecoming such tremendous morning deliveries! Why does it not tell of Grafton? It could speak highly of him; and besides we are pleased at merited praise to those we respect and admire. But since that paper keeps a stone rolled at its sepulchral mouth on this subject, we will take on ourselves the task which belongs so peculiarly to it. Shakespeare says—

"The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; But Grafton—his evil and his good will be interred together."

His disinterestedness has compelled him to offer himself an unwilling sacrifice to office, (with salaries, fees and per diem) fourteen times out of the sixteen years he has been an inhabitant of this country. As the right bower of John G. Davis, commandant expectant of the liege forces of the President in this District, he kindly offered his personal services to run the present Congressional race. But Mr. Davis, whose nineteen years term as a public officer had schooled him to its labors, with his usual appreciation of such acts of disinterested kindness, could not grant this delicate request, and took the burden on him self. Grafton then consented to sacrifice his pecuniary interests by accepting the Senatorship, but was finally convinced by His Excellency, the proprietor of "that same old speech," that the State of Indiana would receive more benefit from his services at the Penitentiary, at \$1200 a year. After great struggle in his own mind, Grafton yielded—his course being determined by the fact that he stood in no more danger of being elected than he was of being struck by lightning in a cloudless day, or that his co-laborer in this work of philanthropy has of being elected to Congress. His country will not forget him when he becomes a candidate next year!

The other two editors of that "Evergreen," were anxious to serve the K. N.'s in the Mayorality of our city, but their friends could not think of requiring so much from so little. The self-sacrificing office seeking K. N. party, into which their "youthful indiscretions" had urged them, were abandoned very discreetly, and they, full of wisdom and discretion, rushed into the embraces of that high-minded thinking party, whose acts daily prove that its innate and natural modesty compel it to obey the command as to itself, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." One of them has not the most distant idea, (neither have the people) of his neglecting the weighty interests of the Nation, forsake the well-filled coffers of the "Journal," and hide his talents in the gloomy office of County Clerk. The other cannot cease the delicate occupation of saving the Union once a day, for nothing, and most beef extra, and enlighten the halls of Legislation with his wisdom at \$3 per day.

The virtues of our other friends can be exhibited after the County Convention. But we can say, with how much fear of contradiction, every one knows, that in this wide world cannot be found a class of men of the number of the leaders of old lineism in this County, who sacrifice so much time and talents for the good of their Country, as they, from such pure, disinterested motives, and on whose tomb stones such peculiar inscriptions can be written.

Our friend Nat. Cunningham we see is announced in the Terre Haute Journal, as a candidate for Treasurer. Nat. has troops of friends in Tippecanoe who would rejoice to see him elected.—*Leaf American.*

Nat. has "troops" of friends here, and if he was only on the right side of Mason and Dixon's line, they would also "rejoice to see him elected."

Mr. W. D. Porter writes to the N. Y. Herald that the following method will, in many cases, detect the perpetrators of a murder—"It is well known that all objects are actually impressed on retina of the eye. Should a person die by a violent death, the objects before the eye at the time, remain impressed on the retina. If the covering of the eye is scraped down this and a powerful magnifying glass applied, the image will be distinctly seen. This was the first discovery of the daguerotype. Any scientific physician can do this."

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### Correspondence of the Wabash Express.

BRASIL, Ind., Aug. 8, 1856.

Mr. Editor: We send in the Journal of August 1st, a communication from W. K. Hollingsworth, of this place, giving a minute, but labored account of a "big time" had in Brazil on the 28th of July. He says, "at an early hour our streets were filled with real live, unterrified Democracy." Had he said terrified, he would have told the truth; for no one denies but that they were terrified, from the fact that Davis and Usher had an appointment here on that day. Bills were posted in our streets, and no sooner were the Democracy aware that Davis was so imprudent as to attempt to speak with Usher, than they immediately took the alarm; their knees trembled, their hearts fluttered, their faces usually so red and characteristic of an excited brain, grew pale—and they went into caucus, concluding that something desperate must be done, or the day was lost. W. K. was seen sneaking around from one old liner to another, begging a dime from each for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a "runner" for A. P. Willard, J. M. Hanna, Judge Eckles and Mr. Skeels, and "mirabile dictu," he obtained funds enough to start a runner on the charitable mission; and the Democracy considered themselves with the thought that Usher would be "used up." Great preparations were made—ten cent Jimmy flags were sent by Express from Indianapolis; little badges with "Buck and Breck" painted on them, were produced. The large flag was made, and to show how "daring" their prospects are in "Old Clay," we would just say that there were not enough of old line ladies in the town to make the flag, and they were constrained, though very reluctantly, to ask the aid of our "Jesse" girls.

The great day rolled on, our "streets were crowded, not with the 'unterrified,' but with genuine Republicans, who had come for the purpose of hearing Usher battle nobly for the right, against the whole artillery of old lineism. Old liners were here, it is true, but not as many as W. K. would try to make out. Their pole not one hundred and ten feet high, but ninety feet, was raised, and their flag hung to the breeze, bearing the inscription, "Buck and Breck" painted in large and uncouth letters. The pole was raised, not amid the shouts of many brave hearted men, but amid the shouts of a few who had their patriotism aroused, and by the "soul stirring music of the Newburg band," but by potations of "free whisky," obtained at the Rot Gut play of James Lucas, who always plays trumps and considers the "board the play," particularly when the board is the "18th section," the only reliable plank in his platform of Democracy.

This same Lucas is the renowned individual who immortalized himself in a battle with a man he struck his flag of whisky sovereignty and laid it at his feet, and ran up the flag of distress, in the shape of his greasy coat tail, as he came through town, while the hot red tears fell thick and fast from his small but nicely infected eyes; except when interrupted by his old and time honored, "cut-throat bandanna." This illustrious individual was here on that great day, retelling his infamous "rot gut" to the unterrified for the purpose of arousing their patriotism to the high point.

But to the cheering—W. L. Cromwell, who is the king-bolt of Democracy in Old Clay, took off his hat and shouted, "three cheers for the stars and stripes—our country's flag," and set the example by one lone, loud hurrah.—Then W. K. seeing his leader go off half sprung, took off his hat and gave one discordant yell for our country's flag. Lastly came an old "regular" full of patriotism and Lucas' whisky, and gave an exact imitation of the yell of W. K. This is about the sum total of the yelling, or cheering.

Next to the speaking, Usher spoke first, and was listened to with marked attention, and cheer followed cheer during his remarks. Davis followed next in his "usual happy style," and after drumming up their whole forces, they did raise one weak and feeble cheer for Davis.

Willard, we understand, sent word that he could not be with them, as he was not well.—The effects of bad whisky, we presume. Eckles was absent also—Jim Hanna passed up on the case, but did not tarry. So, none of the big guns were present, except Mr. Skeels, of Bowling Green, who is simply a tool in the hands of W. L. Cromwell and W. K. Hollingsworth, that does their bidding. Mr. Skeels is a young man of some ability, but lacks personal pride, when he will submit to be led by such men as are the leaders of the "unterrified Democracy" of Old Clay.

In the evening, Mr. Coffin, our District Elector, gave us a speech, and his lofty eloquence, and burning sarcasm, made old line turn pale, until finally it got so hot for them, they took with "a leaving," except the trio, Hollingsworth, Cromwell and Skeels, who, without the shock with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

After Coffin was through, Skeels took the stand, and indulged for a short time in abuse and falsehood against Coffin, without attempting to produce one argument in favor of his position. Coffin replied in a short speech, and poor Skeels hung his head in dismay, to use the language of W. K. "He was completely used up." It was truly touching to see with what fidelity his two friends, Cromwell and Hollingsworth, stuck to him, trying to console him, with the promise that they would write to the Journal and "praise him up."

Usher made a host of friends here, and "old Clay" will tell the "unterrified" in November, who made the best impression on our citizens. We wish to state that the "ten cent flags" were not used except on a few occasions; that drew the mighty pole into town, and Skeels, Hollingsworth & Co., carried each one on the big day, the rest are unused. We are "all right" in Old Clay.

Respectfully,  
A SPECTATOR.

Mr. Morning Star Social Temple, No. 10, meets this evening.

### How it Looks.

Two slaveholding States which have just held their elections, Kentucky and Missouri, have both given majorities for the pro-slavery ticket. The Americans in Kentucky, flatter themselves with the delusive hope that the democrats were going to desert their party, and give their support to them, now begin to open their eyes to the real condition of things.

In St. Louis district in Missouri, Frank Blair, a professed free-soiler has triumphed over Luther M. Kennett, the American candidate. This will sound a little strange in the ears of the friends of Mr. Fillmore, but it is only the beginning of the defeat that awaits the American party, south of Mason and Dixon's line. We have no doubt, through out Kentucky and Missouri, the friends of Fillmore and Donelson will experience a Waterloo defeat, and the Cincinnati pro-slavery platform will receive the united support of the slaveholding States. The South is always true to her policy, while the North is filled with dough-faces, and trembling, seamy patriots.

Iowa, a free State, has had her election, and the Republican party is in the ascendant, and when the time comes to vote, Indiana, true to herself, will be found on the side of freedom and free territory.

Mr. The New York Herald says: "We find, from a careful examination of our exchanges, and from an application to them of the official returns of the census of the newspaper circulations of 1850, that at this time the three parties for the Presidency are represented as follows:

NEWSPAPERS.	CIRCULATION.
For Fremont,.....	188 474,968
For Buchanan,.....	172 194,763
For Fillmore,.....	57 95,391

Of these aggregate, it will be seen that Buchanan has 104 papers in the North and 88 in the South—that of the whole number, 110 are old democratic journals, that eight have been Whigs and one independent. It further appears that Col. Fremont has 123 journals in the North and only 5 in the South—that of the whole number, 82 have heretofore been Whigs, 18 democratic, 15 Know Nothing, and 17 independent. As for Mr. Fillmore, he is weak in both sections; yet, in the South, in the way of newspapers, we see that he has two-thirds the number supporting Buchanan, and that his whole list consists of 45 old Whig papers, (nearly all South) 2 papers heretofore democratic, 10 Know Nothing, and 1 independent.

A letter from Rome to a Brussels paper, says: "Among the presents taken by Cardinal Patrizi to the imperial family of France, there is one that deserves especial mention.—It is a large emerald, but is formed of two parts fitted to one another, and it encloses a straw from the manger of Bethlehem; the Prince Imperial is to wear this relic around his neck. The straw has been blessed by Pope Pius IX."

We are requested to say that seats will be prepared for the ladies, to hear Henry S. Lane this evening. Mr. Lane is one of Indiana's greatest orators, and every man, woman and child in the State, should hear him, when an opportunity affords itself.

GREEN CORN ORLEANS.—The following receipt for this reasonable delicacy is said to be excellent.—Grate the corn from 12 ears of corn boiled, beat five eggs, stir them with the corn, season with pepper and salt, and fry the mixture brown, browning the top with a hot skillet. If filled in small cakes, with a little flour and milk stirred in to form a batter, this is very nice.

As His Honor.—Of the eight political papers published in Lancaster, Pa., the home of Mr. Buchanan, five give an active support to Fremont and Dayton, two are for Buchanan, and one for Fillmore. These embrace an aggregate circulation of seventeen thousand copies weekly, of which thirteen thousand are opposed to "the favorite son."

"Two days ago," writes the Paris correspondent of Le Nord, "there died in complete obscurity, at Versailles, a personage who has a name in history—Count de Bonaparte, who, after Napoleon I. and the Count de Neipperg, was the third husband of Marie Louise."

An Important Accession.—The N. Y. Mirror has come out for Fremont. The Mirror was an earnest friend of Mr. Fillmore during his administration, and to the time of his arrival in this country from Europe. But his Nullification sentiments recently uttered at Albany and elsewhere, the pro-slavery doctrines to which he stands pledged, and his utter want of sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of the Free North, have rendered him unworthy of its future support. The Mirror says:

After fighting the battles of the South for twelve long years, defending its political rights, domestic institutions, social character, manners and habits on all occasions, recent occurrences have convinced us that the time has come for the North, with its superior numbers, intelligence, wealth and power, to take a stand, firm and fixed as its granite hills, against the threatening, bullying brow-beating, skull-breaking spirit of the South—a spirit that tramples on compromise; violates the sacred freedom of parliamentary debate; and murders the settlers upon our common soil by simply opposing, by voice and vote, the fastening of slavery upon a free and virgin Territory.

Old Fogies may lift its spectacles, shake its silver-grey locks, and warn us against yielding to this sudden hurricane that is sweeping over the North. But so long as the breeze blows in the right direction, it is better to go with it than against it; and without throwing overboard a single conservative principle hitherto advocated by the Mirror, we can go into the fight for Fremont and Dayton; for the Union of the States and the constitutional rights of both the North and the South, are consequently an ever crusade battled for Jefferson. In times like these, to be neutral is to be a coward.

These are the sentiments it would seem to us, of every national conservative. They are sentiments, too, which we know will find a hearty and general response in the bosoms of all earnest liberty loving men.

### Letter from Hon. Adam B. Vint.

Sir: I have read the speech of the Hon. Charles Sumner on Kansas affairs, in newspaper form, but desire to have it in a form better suited for preservation; and therefore ask the favor of you to send me the worth of the enclosed, (\$1) postage paid, including one of the speeches of Governor Seward.

I have all my life been a resident of a slaveholding State, and am the owner of a few slaves, but I feel conscious that I have at all times been able to read the discussions on the slave question with calmness, and without such a degree of excitement as to unfit a person to form a cool and deliberate judgment.

I was old enough at the date of the Missouri Compromise to understand and to take a deep interest in that measure, and was exceedingly gratified when Missouri was admitted as a Slave State, with an accompanying legal provision forever prohibiting Slavery in any of the then national territory, lying north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes. This measure was adopted by the unanimous vote of all the Slave States, and was opposed by part of the Northern representation—only on the ground that Missouri, lying north of the above parallel, was admitted, by the provision of the Compromise bill, as a Slave State.

But Missouri having been admitted, all opposition (or nearly so) to the Compromise ceased; and it was quietly permitted to remain undisturbed for more than thirty years, until, in an evil hour, the Nebraska bill from a Free State; and the South, in violation of a sacred and honorable pledge, caught at the bait, and assisted in overthrowing the wisest measure that was ever adopted to quiet agitation on the Slavery question.

The fruits of the iniquitous bill introduced by Mr. Douglas (which might have been foreseen) have for a long time been presented in a shameful attempt, countenanced by Mr. Pierce's Administration, to form a Slave State by force out of the Territory of Kansas.

Mr. Sumner is entitled to the thanks of all discreet men; all men who are influenced by the principles of justice and honor, for exposing the abominable frauds, both in the passage of the Nebraska bill, and the means resorted to for carrying out its design of forcing Slavery into the Territory of Kansas.

In my judgment the best means of securing the peace of the country and quieting agitation on the subject of Slavery will be to admit Kansas as a Free State, according to the spirit of the Missouri Compromise, and reinstating that Compromise, extending the line thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes to the Pacific Ocean.

I heartily condemn the brutal attack of Brooks upon Senator Sumner, for which he ought to be expelled from his seat in Congress.

I have always been, and still am, a warm advocate for gradual emancipation, to be carried out by each State, as its citizens shall direct, by constitutional provision. I regret that public sentiment in my adopted State, Kentucky, is not yet prepared for so wholesome and just a measure. Respectfully, A. BEATTY.

Washington, Mason Co., Ky., June 30.

For the Express.

Artist's Corner.  
Mr. Hendon—Doubtless you, as well as myself, have heard friends lament over the fact that they had no portraits of their deceased relatives or dearly loved friends. Many in the full bloom of health, die suddenly, when life's future hopes were brightest. There is no need to bury the loved ones, without even the shadow of a likeness. If attended to before the features begin to change, a plaster can be taken, and a perfect likeness painted from it. The artist, when making the cast from the corpse, secures a lock of the hair, notes the color of the eyes, and has no difficulty to contend with, that cannot be removed by the memory and counsel of the friends of the deceased. The artist in the Old Fellows' ante-room will attend to such cases, when called in time.

The following paragraph is from a Buchanan sheet—the Baltimore Republican:

"The Washington Organ says idiosyncy is likely to cause Mr. Sumner from the softening of the brain. Good."

The number of hugs in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky at this time is estimated by the editor of the Ohio Farmer at 10,943,324, which at \$3 a head, a fair average value of the stock, amounts to \$32,829,003. If he did and they would \$100 a head, \$1,094,332,400. The pork interest of the whole country is almost beyond belief, its magnitude is so great.

The following, says the Providence Journal, is a copy of the inscription on a Democratic banner, contributed to the rank and file of Burlington, R.I., probably by Mrs. Partington:

BAKED CARE-LESS AND BREAKING HEADS;  
SIN-SIN NAUGHTY PLATFORM.

### From "Life Illustrated," N. Y.

How the daguerrotypist has all the candidates in his gallery—Fillmore and Donelson, Buchanan and Breckenridge, Fremont and Dayton—two pictures of each, a colored miniature, and a life-sized portrait. How do they look?

Buchanan looks old, old—very old. A large-boned, heavy old man, with a massive head quite grey, a forehead all puckered between the eyes, and the skin drawn tightly over a large livid face. He looks like a dead man—a dead old man. His mouth shows age in every line. It is a mouth that looks unused to smiling; an irregular, jagged hole in his face. Unhappy old man who threw away all the good of life in scheming for place, and now, tottering on the brink of the grave, is doomed to see the prize for which he lost his soul, grasp only to glide forever from his grasp! Stand before that picture, young politician, and see what the scheming politician becomes! Not that the face is a bad face. It is an unhappy face, and uneasy face, an unoblique face, an old, old, but pleasant, intelligent, benevolent face. It is the face of a man who has missed the true good and joy of life, and who is willing to sacrifice the tranquility of his last years for the sake of that which an old man has no excuse for valuing. It is the face of a man, who is willing, at three-score years and ten to cease to be James Buchanan, and to become only the representative and tool of certain office-holders and office seekers, commonly called "the democratic party."

Breckenridge is quite the dandy—a black haired, smooth faced beardless young gentleman of thirty. His face, as delineated by Mr. Brady and the sun, is devoid of expression. He is somewhat primly dressed, and looks most competent to do all that may become a man—in the drawing room. If he should be called upon on which he is not going to be—to preside over the Senate, he will be of all living men the most out of place. He will have to grow as never man grew before, or he will not be able to fill the chair once occupied by Adams and Jefferson.

Dayton is a handsome, well-built man, in the very prime of manhood. Hair black and luxuriant; a good symmetrical, massive forehead, an open, direct, guileless, and fearless expression of countenance. He is a manly looking man, one who would be fit, or could readily make himself fit, for any place. He would be called the handsomest man in the Presidential group.

In the countenance of Fremont is seen that blended expression of strength and serenity which marks the hero. Soft blue eyes; hair brown and profuse; moustache and beard; a rosy face, not without some lines stamped upon it by toil, exposure and care; a composed, intelligent look; earnest, thoughtful, ruffled; the open and somewhat flowing shirt collar, imparting a careless grace to the upper part of the person.

It is the picture of a man who would be coolest when nearest destruction, and under whose assuring eye towards would become brave. It is the face of a man with whom it was inevitable that Jesse Benton should run away. No guil worthy of him could help it.

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